

BACONIANA.

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SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

"SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS never before Imprinted," have afforded commentators material for many volumes filled with theories which to the ordinary critical mind appear to have no foundation in fact. Chapters have been written to prove that Mr. W. H., the only begetter of the Sonnets, was Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, and chapters have been written to prove that he was no such person, but that William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, was the man intended to be designated. Theories have been elaborated to identify the individuals represented by the Rival Poet and the dark Lady. Not one of these theories is supported by the vestige of a shred of testimony that would stand investigation. There has not come down any evidence that Shakspur, of Stratford, knew either the Earl of Southampton, the Earl of Pembroke or Marie Fitton. Mr. W. H. was *Shakespeare*, who *was* the only begetter of the Sonnets and the proof of this statement will in due time be forthcoming. It may be well to try and read some of the Sonnets as they stand and endeavour to realize what is the obvious meaning of the printed words.

The key to the Sonnets will be found in No. 62. The

language in which it is written is explicit and capable of being understood by any ordinary intellect.

"Sinne of selfe-love possesseth al mine eie
And all my soule, and al my every part ;
And for this sinne there is no remedie,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Me thinkes no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account,
And for my selfe mine owne worth do define,
As I all other in all worth's surmount.
But when my glasse shewes me my selfe indeed
Beated and chopt with tand antiquitie,
Mine own selfe love quite contrary I read
Selfe, so selfe loving were iniquity.

Tis thee (my-selfe) that for myselfe I praise
Painting my age with beauty of thy daies."

The writer here states definitely that he is dominated by the sin of self-love ; it possesseth his eye, his soul, and every part of him. There can be found no remedy for it ; it is so grounded in his heart. No face is so gracious as is his, no shape so true, no truth of such account. He defines his worth as surmounting that of all others. This is the frank expression of a man who not only believed that he was, but knew that he was superior to all his contemporaries, not only in intellectual power, but in personal appearance. Then comes an arrest in the thought, and he realises that time has been at work. He has been picturing himself as he was when a young man. He turns to his glass and sees himself beated and chopt with tanned antiquity ; forty summers have passed over his brow.*

He realises that he no longer answers Ophelia's description :—

"The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's : eye, tongue, sword :
The expectancy and rose of the fair state

*Sonnet No. 2.

Shakespeare's Sonnets.

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The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers. . . .
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth."

But he cannot forget what he has been, he cannot realise that he is no longer the brilliant youth whose miniature he has before him, with the words inscribed around, "*Si tabula daretur digna animum mallet,*" which may freely be translated from the 1623 folio, "O could he but have drawn his wit," and then with a burst of poetic enthusiasm he exclaims:—

"'Tis thee (my-selfe) that for myselfe I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy daies."

This is the common experience of a man as he advances in life. So long as he does not see his reflection in a glass, if he tries to visualize himself, he sees the youth or young man. Only in his most pessimistic moments does he realise his age.

There is no longer any difficulty in understanding Shakespeare's Sonnets. They were addressed by Shakespeare, the poet, to the marvellous youth who was known under the name of Francis Bacon, and they were probably written, with Hilliard's portrait placed on his abtle before him.

In that age (please God it may be the present age), which is known only to God and to the fates when the finishing touch shall be given to Bacon's fame,* it will be found that the period of his life from twelve to thirty-five years of age surpassed all others, not only in brilliant intellectual achievements, but for the enduring wealth with which he endowed his countrymen. And yet it was part of his scheme of life that his connection with the great renaissance in English literature should be hidden until posterity should recognise that work as

* See Rawley's Introduction to *Manes Verulamiani*.

the fruit of his brain. "Mente Videbor"—"by the mind I shall be seen."

How lacking all his modern biographers have been in perception! What said a contemporary of him? "He had a large mind from his father, and great abilities from his mother, his parts improved more than his years; his great, fixed, and methodical memory, his solid judgment, his great fancy, his ready expression gave high assurance of that profound and universal knowledge and comprehension of things which *then* rendered him the observation of great and wise men, and afterwards the wonder of all. . . . He never saw anything that was not noble and becoming. . . . At twelve his industry was above the capacity and his mind beyond the reach of his contemporaries. . . . His judgment was so eminent that he could satisfy the greatest; his condescension so humble that he instructed the meanest." "His extraordinary parts above the model of the age were feared in Queen Elizabeth's time, but employed in King James'; his Favour he had in her Reign, but Trust onely in his: Its dangerous in a factious age to have my Lord Bacon's part, or my Lord of Essex his favour. . . . One fault he had, that he was above the age he lived in."

Francis Bacon at forty years of age, or thereabouts, unmarried, childless, sits down to his table. Hilliard's portrait before him, with pen in hand, full of love for, full of admiration for, that beautiful youth on whose counterfeit presentment he was gazing. His intellectual triumphs pass in review before him, most of them secret to him and that youth—his companion through life. That was the Francis Bacon who controlled him in all his comings and goings—his ideal whom he worshipped. If he could have a son like that boy! His pen begins to move on the paper—

"From fairest creatures we desire increase

That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the ripper should by time decrease
His tender heire might bear his memory."

The pen stops and the writer's eye wanders to the miniature :—

"But *thou*^o contracted to thine own bright eyes

And so the Sonnets flow on, without effort, without the need of reference to authorities, for the great, fixed and methodical memory needs none.

How natural are the allusions—

"Thou art thy mother's glasse and she in thee
Calls backe the lovely Aprill of her prime."

"Be as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyselfe at least kind hearted prove,
Make thee another self, for love of me
That beauty may still live in thine or thee."

"Let those whom nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless and rude, barrenly perish ;
Look, whom she best indow'd she gave the more ;
Which bountious gift thou shouldst in bounty cherrish ;
She carv'd thee for her seale, and ment thereby
Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die."

"O that you were yourselfe, but love you are
No longer yours, then you yourselfe here live,
Against this cunning end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give

Who lets so faire a house fall to decay

O none but unthrifts, deare my love you know
You had a Father, let your Son say so."

"But wherefore do not you a mightier waie
Make warre uppon this bloodie tirant Time ?
And fortifie your selfe in your decay

* 'Tis *thee* myselfe, Sonnet 62.

With meanes more blessed, then my barren rime ?
 Now stand you on the top of happie houres
 And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
 With virtuous wish would beare you living flowers
 Much liker than your painted counterfeit :

Who will beleeve my verses in time to come
 If it were fild with your most high deserts ?
 Though yet heaven knowes, it is but as a tombe
Which hides your life, and shewes not halfe your parts.
 If I could write the beauty of your eyes
 And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
 The age to come would say this Poet lies,
 Such heavenly touches nere toucht earthly faces.
 So should my papers (yellowed with their age)
 Be scorn'd, like old men of lesse truth than tongue,
 And your true rights be term'd a Poets rage
 And stretched miter of an Antique song.

But were some childe of yours alive that time,
 You should live twice, in it and in my rime."

"Yet doe thy worst,ould Time, dispight thy wrong
 My love shall in my verse ever live young."

Every difficulty in those which are termed the pro-
 creation Sonnets disappears with the application of this
 key. Only by it can Sonnet 22 be made intelligible :—

"My glass shall not persuade me I am ould,
 As long as youth and thou are of one date ;
 But when in thee time's furrowes I behold,
 Then look, I death my daies should expire
 For all that beauty that doth cover thee
 Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
 Which in my breast doth live, as thine in me.
 How can I then be elder than thou art ?
 O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
 As I, not for myself, but for thee will ;
 Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
 As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.

Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain ;
 Thou gav'st me thine, not to give backe againe."

But nearly every Sonnet might be quoted in support of this view. Especially is it of value in bringing an intelligent and allowable explanation to Sonnets 40, 41 and 42, which now no longer have an unsavoury flavour.

Sonnet No. 59 is most noteworthy, because it implies a belief in re-incarnation. Shakespeare expresses his longing to know what the ancients would have said of his marvellous intellect. If he could find his picture in some antique book over 500 years old, see an image of himself as he then was, and learn what men thought of him !

“ If their bee nothing new, but that which is
Hath beene before, how are our braines begulld ;
Which laboring for invention, beare amisse
The second burthen of a former child ?
Oh that record could with a back-ward looke,
Even of five hundreth courses of the Sunne,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since minde at first in carrecter was done,
That I might see what the old world could say
To this composed wonder of your frame ;
Whether we are mended, or where better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.
Oh sure I am, the wits of former daies,
To subjects worse have given admiring praise.”

There is the same idea in Sonnet 71, which suggests that in some future re-incarnation Bacon might read Shakespeare's praises of him.

Conjectures as to who was the rival poet may be dispensed with. The following rendering of Sonnet No. 80 makes this perfectly clear :—

“ O how I (*the poet*) faint when I of you (*F.B.*) do write,
Knowing a better spirit (*that of the philosopher*) doth use your
name
And in the praise thereof spends all his might
To make one tongue tied, speaking of your fame !
(*Shakespeare never refers to Bacon or vice-versa*)

But since your (*F.B.'s*) worth wide as the ocean is,
 The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
 My saucy bark (*that of the poet*) inferior far to his (*that of the philosopher*),
 On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
 Your shallowest help will hold me (*the poet*) up afloat
 Whilst he (*the philosopher*) upon your soundless deep doth ride."

It is impossible to do justice to this subject in the space here available. By the aid of this key every line becomes intelligible; the charm and beauty of the Sonnets are increased tenfold. Every unpleasant association of them is removed. No longer need Browning say, "If so the less Shakespeare he."

These are not "Shakespeare's sug'rd Sonnets amongst his private friends" to which Meres makes reference. They are to be found elsewhere.

If there had been an intelligent study of Elizabethan literature from original sources the authorship of the Sonnets would have been revealed long ago. It was a habit of Bacon to speak of himself as some one apart from the Speaker. The opening sentence of *Filum Labyrinthi, Sivo Forma Inquisitiones* is an example. *Ad Filios*—"Francis Bacon thought in this manner." Prefixed to the preface to Gilbert Wats' interpretation of the *Advancement of Learning* is a chapter commencing, "Francis Lo Verulam consulted thus: and thus concluded with himselfe. The publication whereof he conceived did concern the present and future age."

Nothing that has been written is more perfectly Baconian in style and temperament than are the Sonnets. They breathe out his hopes, his aspirations, his ideals, his fears, in every line. He knew he was not for his time. He knew that Time could only render him the fame to which his incomparable powers entitled him. He knew how far he towered above his contem-

poraries, aye, and his predecessors in intellectual power. His hopes were fixed on that day in the distant future—to-day—when for the first time the meshes which he wove, behind which his life's work is obscured, are beginning to be unravelled.

The most sanguine Baconian in his most enthusiastic moments must fail adequately to appreciate the achievements of Francis Bacon and the obligations under whom he has placed posterity. But Bacon knew—and he alone knew—their full value. It was fitting that the greatest poet whom the world had produced should in matchless verse do honour to the world's greatest intellect. It was a pretty conceit; only a master mind would dare to make the attempt. The result has afforded another example of how his great wit, in being concealed, was revealed.

W. T. SMEDLEY.

SHAKE-SPEARE SONNETS, 1609.

THIS book of Sonnets was entered S. R. by Thomas Thorpe, a book agent, on the 20th May, 1609.

Theories concerning their meaning have been numerous and varied.

A prominent investigator, Mr. Gerald Massey, gave valuable counsel which may conveniently be here noted:—

“It must be borne in mind that we are endeavouring to decipher a secret history of an unexampled kind. We can get little help except from the written words themselves. We must not be too confident of walking by our own light; we must rely more implicitly on that inner light of the Sonnets left like a lamp in a tomb of old which will lead us with the greater certainty to the

precise spot where we shall touch the secret spring and make clear the mystery."

Of other searchers, Mr. Bernstorff concluded the Sonnets to be an allegory in which the writer kept a diary of his inner self. Yet Mr. W. C. Hazlitt pronounced them casual, arbitrary and authoritative.

Mr. Sidney Lee charged them with want of continuity, but held forty of the first group to be meditative soliloquies.

Professor Masson thought they were a connected series of entries in the poet's diary.

Mr. Walter Begley believed some had been written for the use of other people.

The critic in the 1911 "Encyclopædia Britannica" declares them to be autobiographical, and that their order does not as a whole "jar against the sense of emotional continuity."

The assumption that the Sonnets were written by the Stratford player has, of course, tethered most of the critics. Many have conjectured certain of the verses as having been written to the Earl of Southampton, or the Earl of Essex, or William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke, and some to Mistress Fitton or Mistress Vernon.

I invite consideration of another and perhaps entirely new view. In order that it may be understood, the biliteral story as to Francis Bacon's extended authorship, his relation to Queen Elizabeth as her basely begotten son and his cipher inventions, must be assumed to be true, which I have not the smallest doubt they are.

A few years ago a writer styled "Oliver Lector" reprinted certain old emblem pictures in a book entitled "Letters from the Dead to the Dead" (London: B. Quaritch).

These emblem pictures show Francis Bacon connected with cipher mysteries and typify a shaken speare in a like association.

Mr. Lector, moreover, in explanatory letterpress, indicates a cipher connected with the Sonnets.

My view is that in 1609 Bacon being unready with his "biliteral" and "word" ciphers and their keys, adopted the expedient of making the Sonnets a vehicle for a highly complex and difficult cipher which he hoped and expected would be solved in a future age, and give proofs of his extensive authorship. Not only had he to construct and place his cipher, but he had also to compose the exterior writing which contained it, in sufficiently attractive, occult and enigmatic words as in a cleverer age to invite and eventually obtain solution.

That so many persons have essayed the problem, is proof that these essentials were observed.

While ensuring that as far as possible the Sonnets should not as a whole "jar against the sense of emotional continuity," Francis may very well have introduced here and there verses which had previously seen service for himself or his friends.

Within this limitation, Sonnets written for his private delectation or consolation, and others addressed to that wonderful person, himself, or to the personifications of ancient hermetic mystery, might conveniently find place. The greater the obscurity the wider and more subtle the enquiry.

On the title-page of the books is a short dedication, containing (probably) a punning reference to Thorpe's bookselling colleague, W. Hall, and possibly serving as a key. The Sonnets immediately follow.

My hypothesis is that the first twenty-five of them are addressed by Francis to himself.

Unmarried at the time of composition, why should he

not commune with himself and ask whether he ought not to marry and have children ?

When this preliminary had been grasped he had no compunction in indicating (to his expected decipherer) in the seventeenth Sonnet that his verse—

“Is but a tomb
Which hides his (Bacon's) life.”

In the twentieth Sonnet he alluded to the mingled feminality and masculineness of his nature, a peculiarity which some remarks of his chaplain Rawley would seem to corroborate.

In the twenty-third Sonnet he intimates that the fear to trust (his secrets) prevented his marrying. He prefers to rely upon the eventual revelations from his books to gain for him the fame which had never been his portion.

The Sonnet closes with a significant hint :—

“O learn to read what silent love hath writ.”

In Sonnet twenty-five he alludes to his lack of public honour :—

“Whilst I whom fortune of such triumphs bar.”

Yet he finds his happiness in his verse :—

“Where I may not remove nor be removed.”

When the twenty-sixth Sonnet is reached Francis supplies an important omission. In almost every Elizabethan book there is prefaced an Epistle Dedicatorie. As Francis was evidently only concerned with the far-off decipherer who would one day interpret his message, it was conveniently deferred until the twenty-sixth Sonnet and begins :—

“Lord of my love to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,

To thee I send this written embassy
To witness duty not to shew my wit."

He proceeds to hope that some *good conceit* of the person addressed will "put *apparel* on his tattered loving," and concludes :—

" Till then, *not shew my head*, where thou mayst prove me."

The epistle to the decipherer continues through Sonnets 27—32. In the latter he requests him to compare his (the writer's) verse with the writings of the decipherer's later time, and should the later poets "better prove" trusts that his own verse may be cherished on grounds of affection.

The thirty-third, being Bacon's name Sonnet, is naturally very beautiful and reminiscent. It recounts how—

" My sun one early morn did shine.

But out alack, he was but one hour mine."

Francis here contrasts his bright early prospects with his subsequent sad experience.

In the two next following Sonnets he discusses his unhappy lot. Thence continues his epistle to his unknown decipherer.

His sixtieth Sonnet is a soliloquy upon the changes and ruin of Time.

Then, continuing his epistle, he admits and bewails his sin of too much self-love, but in extenuation states that he was fortifying against the period of his death (62—5).

Again, soliloquising about himself and death he concludes that after all he were better forgotten (72).

From this point, ambling gently, the Sonnets are sometimes soliloquies, and sometimes pleas with the far-off decipherer.

Sonnet 82 confirms the view that Francis was addressing a dedicatory epistle to his decipherer :—

“I grant thou wert not married to my Muse
And therefore may'st without attain't o'er look
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject blessing every book.”

In Sonnet 107 he assures his decipherer :—

“And thou in this shalt find thy monument
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.”

Sonnets 110—112 are a most beautiful apologia by Francis for his course of life.

Much he had published he would gladly have blotted out and his dissembling practices were not truly justifiable. He could only urge in extenuation the peculiar circumstances of his individual case.

He writes :—

“Alas tis true I have gone here and there
And made myself a motley to the view
Gored mine own thoughts sold cheap what is most dear
Made old offences of affections new
Most true it is I have looked on truth
Askance and strangely.”

He looked to his decipherer (Sonnet 112) to relieve him from the brand (the whisper that he was a bastard son of the Queen) which “vulgar scandal” had stamped upon his brow.

In Sonnet 124 Francis contrasts the fame his writings would win, with the comparative unimportance of his claim to the English crown.

“If my dear love were but the child of state
It might for fortune's bastard be unfathered.”

From the 126th Sonnet there seems to be a break of continuity, not perhaps very marked, but rather

suggesting the introduction of old sonnets altered to meet the needs of the interior story.

I am aware of the tendency, of those who hold strongly a particular notion of the true meaning of obscured facts, to read that notion in the subject under examination.

I can, however, say it was not until I had formed this particular conception of the nature and object of the Shakespeare Sonnets that I was able to read them understandingly and with intense pleasure. I invite their reperusal in the light of this hypothesis.

PARKER WOODWARD.

THE SELFSAME FACE IN ALL.

IN his book, "An Impartial Study of the Shakespeare Title," Judge Stotsenburg seeks to slacken or loosen that subtle knot, as to authorship, involved in the literature now attributed to William Shakespeare.

Has he slackened or tightened the knot? With his views, will the head and limbs of Posthumus ever unite? Will the interest in the plays be intensified or squandered? In this book the author seeks to show:—

1st. That Shakespeare was not, and could not have been, the author of any portion of the work attributed to him.

2nd. That no one person was author of the plays, but that they were the work of several co-labourers or, as he puts it, collaborators, of whom Sir Francis Bacon was one.

3rd. That the poems, "Venus and Adonis" and "The Rape of Lucrece" were produced by Bacon alone.

4th. And, lastly, that the Sonnets were produced

neither by Shakespeare nor Bacon, but were products of the pen of Sir Philip Sidney.

That portion of it embraced under point one, has been ably handled and needs no further comment.

As to point four, we conclude that but a small portion of the author's thought hovered here, else the wings of his intuition must be considered inadequate for the work. If he finds not the same evidence of authorship in the Sonnets as in the plays, he must indeed unyoke; and this even though he was unable to work the eighteen foot-prints of his method into them.

Bacon's authorship being admitted as to point three, there remains for examination only point two, which is, Are the plays the work of co-labourers or of a single hand? This book is constructed upon two thoughts which must be now fairly met.

The first is that no one person, however gifted, could, according to the estimate of the author, have possessed a vocabulary equal to that displayed in the plays and consisting of 21,000 words.

The second is based on a belief that the diary of Philip Henslowe discloses the names of persons who were writers of plays, to wit, those under review.

That portion of the Judge's book devoted to an examination of the plays may properly be left where he himself has left it, except as to his claim that they were the work of collaborators. To save others from falling into this same tangled skein is one of the objects of this paper. Had it not been for Henslowe's diary, and assumptions based upon it, Judge Stotsenburg's book would not have been written. Even with its aid the author was compelled, as he tells us, to abandon his method of proof. Not being able to work it in the Sonnets, he easily gives them to Sidney.

So far as the diary itself shows, did Philip Henslowe know that the persons who sold him manuscripts were

the authors of them? Were they more, or other, than gatherers, managers or retainers, or someone else—the “pieces but of you”—later to be considered?

In one of his apophthegms touching his retainers, Bacon says: “Sir, I am all of a piece; if the head be lifted up the inferior parts of the body must too.”

If now, instead of following mere assumptions, based upon the mentioned diary, the Judge had followed, properly, a legitimate line of evidence, which he himself had introduced, he would have arrived at truth and at single authorship, and at “that talent, or half talent, or what it is that God hath given me,” to use Francis Bacon’s words touching his own mental gifts.

He might thus have arrived at the tables of the Great Instauration, applied by Bacon as well to the plays as to philosophy, and have thus been made to realise how he, Bacon, came possessed of that wonderful vocabulary of 21,000 words. These tables were the basis of his great philosophic scheme. It was these tables that were to eternize their author, and make him long outlive “that idle rank” that downed him. See Sonnet 122, 124, and 125.

It was from these tables that Bacon structured his subtle doctrine of forms, and thence his great “Alphabet of Nature.” Upon this alphabet we would here accumulate emphasis for future use.

To show the value which he, Bacon, placed upon it we quote the closing words of so much of it as he has seen fit to give us, thus:—

“Such then is the rule and plan of the alphabet. May God the Maker, the Preserver, the Renewer of the universe, of His love and compassion to man protect and guide this work, both in its ascent to His glory, and in its descent to the good of man, through His only Son, God with us” (Bacon’s “Phil. Works,” Vol. V., p. 211).

To make clear to the reader that he applied these

tables to the plays as well as to philosophy, we quote him thus:—"For we form a history and tables of inventions for anger, fear, shame, and the like, and also for examples in civil life and the mental operations of memory, composition, division, judgment, and the rest, as well as for heat and cold, light, vegetation, and the like" ("Phil. Works," by Spedding, Vol. IV., p. 112). As to memory, these tables and the children of the brain (see Sonnet 77) were his retainer's gatherers for these tables from which he drew the laws, the forms of "anger, fear, shame, and the like."

Turning now to the evidence of true authorship in the Judge's book, on page 110 we note the important letter of Samuel Daniel to Sir Thomas Egerton; on page 116, Robert Green's pamphlet, said to have been written a few days previous to his death, called "Green's Groats' Worth of Wit"; and on page 328 Michael Drayton's great poem, said to have been written the night before his death, and to be now for the first time published. When was it written?

Out of these three pieces the Judge will be allowed but little to bear his way which, upon these parts, goes but into the wilderness.

When true interpretation shall have performed its work, each of the mentioned compositions will be found to be a product of Bacon's own pen, and "pieces but of you." These epistles and brief poems between the parts were but a part of the great literary scheme.

The elegantly penned letter by Daniel to the Lord Keeper, Egerton, is surely an adroit piece of Baconian composition, and this, even though an "industrious Shakespearian scholar," may say that such a letter was never written to Egerton. It expresses thanks to Egerton for having secured for him, Daniel, the position of Master of the Queen's Revels. Egerton was made Lord Keeper in 1596.

Want, like an armed man, was, at about this time, crowding Bacon, and we judge that this appointment of one of his "parts or pieces" lent him aid. See Bacon's letter to Egerton (Spedding, Vol. II., page 61); and see pp. 30, 34, 36, 55, 67, and 107. Was there a public man in England that knew Egerton better than did Bacon, or one that knew the inwardness of Bacon's doings better than did Egerton?

We now pass to the true goal of this paper, the so-called poem of Michael Drayton, which is in these words:—

"So well I love thee that without thee I
Love nothing; if I might choose, I'd rather die
Than be one day debarr'd thy company.

Since beasts and plants do grow and live and move,
Beasts are those men that such a life approve;
He only lives that deadly is in love.

The corn that in the ground is sown, first dies,
And of one seed, do many ears arise;
Love, this world's corn, by dying multiplies.

The seeds of love first by thy eyes were thrown
Into a ground untilled, a heart unknown.
To bear such fruit, till by thy hands was sown.

Look, as your looking glass by chance may fall,
Divide and break in many pieces small,
And yet show forth the selfsame face in all.

Proportions, features, graces just the same
And in the smallest piece, as well the name
Of fairest one discerns, as in the richest frame.

So all my thoughts are pieces but of you
Which put together makes a glass so true,
As I therein no other face but yours can view."

This poem is an adroit piece of work, a Baconian knot, a disclosure in a nutshell. Here, indeed, is a light which, if truly followed, will lead us out of the literary

wilderness in which this age has thus far wandered, touching the question of authorship here under review. Did Bacon design that for a time we should so wander? However this may be, we here arrive at the true knot and its just image. While this light will lead us to a correct opening, it will not lead us out of all mystery. Why? He who seeks to fathom Francis Bacon may as well seek to fathom Providence. His subtlety and and scope were never equalled by man. Are there any who think his doctrine of forms and his "Alphabet of Nature" are at present comprehended?

What relation has his *Novum Organum* with this alphabet? Was not its design to find the laws or forms of the simple nature which went to constitute the alphabet? Was it "Time's best jewel" of Sonnet 65? See Sonnet 52 and 64. And where does it now lie hid? Bacon first outlined his philosophy in a work entitled "The Noblest Birth of Time," and referred to in his Hamlet as "that great baby, you see there, is not yet out of its swaddling clouts." Note this babe of Philosophy in Sonnet 59, and note the emphasis on time throughout the writings under review, and in Bacon's sense of use. See Sonnets, 1, 5, 12, 15, 16, 18, 13, 22, 30, 32, 52, 60, 63, 64, 65, 70, 100, 104, 106, 123, 124, 125, 126 and others.

But we return to the glass of the poem—our broken image of light—our "pieces but of you." Bacon says: "Light is God's first creature." Touching this glass, we could from Bacon's attributed works, as well as from the plays, quote until the reader was tired, did space permit.

To instance from the plays, "I will set you up a glass," "Shine out fair sun till I have bought a glass," "I your glass will modestly discover to yourself," etc. Let it be noted in Sonnets 3, 22, 62, 77 and 105 Bacon says; "For however men may amuse themselves and

almost adore the mind, it is certain that like an irregular glass, it alters the rays of things by its figure and different intersections." He says, "Observe the multiplication of light as by mirrors, perspective glasses and the like." He ever likened mind to crystal or a glass.

See later in connection with metaphysics.

In the glass of the poem we may note Bacon's light, or knowledge, broken into parts into pieces. It thus becomes a multiplying glass by means of which his great knowledge was expanded and spread. This glass represents—stands for—his image—his light, when broken, in other words, his colour. See hues or colours, in Sonnets 20, 53, and 101. Note "colour" and in Bacon's sense of use in both plays and Sonnets. See his "Colours of Good and Evil." Bacon says, "For all colour is the broken image of light." See "image" in Bacon's sense of use in Sonnets 3, 24, 31, 59 and 61, and throughout the plays, as "the image of scorn," "the image of merit," "the image of my cause," &c. Bacon says: "Knowledge is the image of existence," He says, "We make images extemporary as they are required." But language of feature must come later. We here give boundaries. He also says: "But there is a difference in glasses—the divine one, wherein we are to behold ourselves is the Word of God; but the political glass is no other than the state of things and and times wherein we live." Note this self-examining glass in Sonnet 62. See the last two lines of Sonnet 84. Does the man truly vile examine himself as in Sonnet 62? See Sonnet 121.

To appreciate the figure of the poem fully, let the reader now imagine to himself a looking-glass so broken. In each piece of it he may see his own face, and as many faces of him as there are pieces, and yet, when all of the pieces are put together there can be seen but the one image or face.

And so, when all of the "pieces" of the thoughts of the supposed author, Drayton, were put together, they made "you." And what was true of one of the Judge's collaborators was true of them all; they were but shadows of the one substance "you." They were but "poet-apes" alluded to in the Judge's book at page 118, 318 and 323. Bacon put into the mouths of these apes what he would. At times he made himself chief in one, at other times in another, and he made them do him praise or homage. He says: "Honor that is gained and broken upon another hath the quickest reflection like diamonds cut with facets." As the poets of the Augustan age praised Cæsar, so did Bacon make his parts praise him.

If the reader will turn to page 112 he may read Drayton thus :

" No public glory vainly I pursue
All I seek is to eternize you."

Will our critics point to whom "you" here refers? We have thus far indicated the praise of "you" in connection with "parts." We next indicate that praise when "you" is considered alone, and so invite critical attention to the Shakespeare Sonnets, so called. We judge that these Sonnets were written at, or near, the transit of events. They were not written consecutively. They were jumbled together so as to break relations. An antedate and an enigma T. T. were made to stand on their title-page; and certain cover words, now to be considered, were spread throughout them. When brought to their true relation they tell their story clearly to those familiar with Baconian literature. Sonnet 53 opens in these words :

" What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend ?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend."

Note here Bacon's colours, the word "you" is used eight times in this Sonnet. Let it, and those touched on this point, be read in full, as space will not permit full quotation, and we would that they have careful thought.

Sonnet 84 opens thus :

"Who is it that says most ? which can say more
Than this rich praise, that you alone are you ?"

Sonnet 86 begins thus :

"Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew ?"

See Sonnet 80, 83, 85, and 105.

Sonnet 75 opens in these words :

"So you are to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground ;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found."

Read this in connection with the first half of the poem under review. There are those who will prefer to believe that, as in the case of Socrates, Bacon had a familiar double, or "good dæmon," to whom he occasionally applied "you," as in Sonnet 86, where we have "that affable, familiar ghost which nightly gulls him with intelligence." See "good dæmon," Addison article on Immortality in Fame (Bohn's edition, Vol. II., page 12).

Thus far we have been considering "you," which is but one of the blind or cover words employed in the Sonnets. Let it now be distinctly noted that by the use of the cover words "you," "thee," "thy," "thou," "he," "his," "him," the author of the Sonnets alludes to himself. Note him in Sonnets 19, 68 and 101.

Their right conception must ever be the first postulate in a correct interpretation of the Sonnets. They, the Sonnets, are each a T.T.—a tom tit, a scholar's egg, a compendium for the radiation of light concerning the author.

The use of cover words notably appears in the word "thee" in that self-condemnatory Sonnet 62, written by Bacon subsequent to his fall, when he first came to himself, which ends thus :

"'Tis thee, myself, that for myself I praise,
Pointing my age with beauty of thy days."

As this Sonnet is a kind of key to the point made, it should be noted and read with care, as should Sonnets 69, 70 and 105. It contains a touch of the glass of the poem under review. It was by the method indicated, as to these cover words, that the author of the Sonnets preserved his manners in not directly or openly praising himself, as will appear in Sonnet 39, which opens thus :

"O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me ?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring ?
And what is't but mine own when I praise thee ?"

Bacon's "Essay on Praise" opens in these words : "Praise is the reflexion of virtue, but it is as the glass or body which giveth the reflexion." A little further on he says : "To praise a man's self cannot be decent, except it be in rare cases ; but to praise a man's office or profession, he may do it with good grace, or a kind of magnanimity." And he ends the essay thus : "St. Paul, when he boasts of himself, he doth oft interlace,—I speak like a fool ; but speaking of his calling he saith—I will magnify my mission." Bacon's great mission was the love-wooing, the swaddling of truth, and the laying of a new flooring for knowledge. Subsequent to his fall, he says : "If I be left to myself I will graze and bear

natural philosophy; but if the King will plough me up again and sow me with anything, I hope to give him some yield." But the King would not use the plough, and Bacon was left to his "second life on second head," as stated in Sonnet 68. In Sonnet 119, see what ruined love does "when it is built anew."

Let this paper be a companion piece to our article, "The Grave's Tiring-room," in the April issue of *BACONIANA* for 1908. Touching King James and Bacon's fall, there considered, we from the Judge's book, page 342, quote Drayton thus: All of Drayton's thoughts, let it be remembered, were "pieces but of you"—Bacon.

"It was my hap before all other men
To suffer shipwreck by my forward pen,
When King James entered, at which joyful time
I taught his title to this isle in rhyme
And to my part did all the Muses win,
With high-pitch pæans to applaud him in."

In Sonnet 152 Bacon says, to enlighten the King, he gave eyes to blindness. Note what he says to him in Sonnets 87, 113, 118, 120, 125, 139, 140, 147, 149 and 150. In Sonnet 58 he says that the offence that needs pardon is the King's own. How shall we interpret the "several plot" of Sonnet 137? It had three heads, which space will not permit us to consider here. Touching the ruin of his name, see "name" in Sonnets 71, 72, 111, 127.

We have said right conception of the mentioned pronouns, or cover words, for they are not always used as such. When referring in the Sonnets to king, queen, or others, they have their normal or ordinary use. To instance the word "thou" in Sonnets 1, 7, 22, 135 and 143 alludes to the Queen Elizabeth, while in Sonnets 88, 89 and 90 it alludes to King James I., under whom Bacon was impeached.

Again, "you" in Sonnets 13 and 106 has its ordinary use, and alludes to Elizabeth, whose father was Henry VIII. Note "father" and "house"—for Tudor line—in the first-mentioned Sonnet. Touching Elizabeth, in the play of *Henry VIII.*, Scene iv., Act V., note its words, "truth shall nurse her," and "in her days" "God shall be truly known," in connection with the last two lines of Sonnet 14, which prognosticate fear for truth or the Protestant cause, should Elizabeth, last of the Tudor line, die without an heir. As she had set her face against marriage, this "heir" is the burden of all the Sonnets from 1 to 19. Bacon says, "The Church is the eye of England." He ever sought to be its time-seller.

The context of a Sonnet must determine whether a pronoun is, or not, a cover word—for its author. It is only a blind or cover word when it alludes to himself.

Dante, in excusing himself for having made the same use of the mentioned cover words, says:—

"In Horace man is made to speak to his own intelligence as unto another person, and not only hath Horace done this, but herein he followeth the excellent Homer." When Grant White said, "The mystery of the Sonnets will never be unfolded," we judge he had considered neither the antedate of the Sonnets nor the points here made. As the word "thou" in Sonnets 20, 22 and 143 alludes to Elizabeth, they should have critical examination in the light of Mrs. Gallup's book. You may call Bacon's Letters, Vol. I., page 388, to your aid.

Sonnets 135, 136 and 143 concern Bacon's struggle with Elizabeth for the Attorney's place when beaten by Coke. Note the capitalisation in them of the "will." The struggle over, see Sonnet 145.

We say, then, that the names set out in Henslowe's Diary were but pen-names for Francis Bacon, and the work but parts or pieces of Baconian knowledge, and the world will in time so find it.

It will be found that the knowledge spread into these several parts has radiated from one centre—from “you”—and that “you”—Bacon. He doubtless strove to make the parts as distinct and several as possible, and Judge Stotsenburg finds nothing more, where he thinks he has discovered a difference in authorship.

To instance, at page 316 of his book, he presents what he considers distinctive words from Dekker's vocabulary, the first-mentioned being “retrograde.” If he will turn to Vol. I., page 357, of “Bacon's Letters,” by Spedding, he may read: “For I understood her Majesty not only to continue in her delay, but (as I was advertised chiefly by my Lord of Essex) to be retrograde—to use the word apted to the highest powers.”

Not only the vocabulary of all the parts, but the knowledge as well, though chewed and re-chewed, spread and re-spread, is all Baconian paste. See Sonnet 76. It was for this reason that the Judge fell so readily from sixty-six to eighteen authors. Why did he not include Marlowe, Greene, Peele? Bacon speaks of “braying nature in a mortar, and making it into a new paste.” Again, he had methods of handling his knowledge which are, as yet, unknown to us.

We will now touch the highest possible point of proof concerning the vocabulary of the plays and Sonnets, which, by critical examination, must bring us to single authorship. Throughout the plays and Sonnets, as well as Bacon's attributed writings, it will be found that there is but one class of words employed. In other words, there is no word applied to matter that is not equally applied to mind. This test could not possibly be held, were the plays the work of co-labourers.

We next bring forward the reason for this oneness of use which springs from out the depth of the Baconian philosophy, as to mind, or metaphysics. Bacon says, “Be not troubled about metaphysics. When true

physics have been discovered, there will be no metaphysics. Beyond the true physics is divinity only" ("Bacon's Letters," Vol. VII., p. 377).

It may thus be seen why Bacon chose all his words from physics, or the side showing material change. This use must ever be the highest and first postulate in determining the question of his authorship. He applied his "Tables" to mental as to physical operation.

Again, when he had once placed a word, that was ever his word for that place. He used not synonyms for it. So constant was he in this that he seems indeed almost a machine. This constancy and oneness of vocabulary was such as to "almost tell my name." See Sonnets 76 and 105. He ever speaks of the human soul as a substance. He speaks also of the substance of the divine. Note throughout the emphasis placed on substance and shadow. See Sonnets 37, 43, 44, 53 and 98. He also says, "It is the perfect law of the inquiry of truth that nothing be in the globe of matter which has not its parallel in the globe or crystal or the understanding."

He believed not in metaphysics as taught by Aristotle, which followed not the prints of nature, but spun theories out of human consciousness, or, as Bacon puts it, "they spin but as spiders out of their own bowels." He never theorized about what is in mind, but in the plays—his great volume on Metaphysics—he unfolds to the very eyes of men all of the heights and depths of human motives and their issues. He here manifests as subtle watchfulness for objective material change and appearances to learn the forms and shows of motives, as for material change in the realms of physics.

But again, reader, reflect for a moment upon the thought of several co-labourers seating themselves at a table to produce a work like *Hamlet*, *The Tempest*, *Cæsar*, or *Lear*. In what order shall they write? To

what end? Who holds, or where sits, the unity of design? This condition of things never did, neither will it, ever exist. In making this statement we are not unmindful of what has been said as to the Grub Street sages of the Defoe period. See Addison, Bohn edition, Vol. II., p. 172. Would this simplify the knot? Should these views come to be accepted, how long would our interest live in those great masterpieces—the plays—if they were thought to be thus structured?

To conclude, Francis Bacon intended to outdo all that had gone before him, even Homer himself.

As to poetry, he says: "All history, excellent king, treads the earth, performing the office of a guide rather than a light; and poetry is, as it were, the stream of knowledge."

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BACON IN ITALY.

(Continued).

IN the October number of *BACONIANA*, 1911, we left young M. D'Estissac and his bear-leader, Michael Eyquiem, Sieur de Montaigne, *en route* for Venice, D'Estissac being, as I believe, Francis Bacon.

Quitting Padua, Saturday, November 4th, 1580, they supped at Venice the same night. On Sunday and Monday the French Ambassador, M. de Ferrier, entertained them at his hospitable board. Seeing that our travellers spent many pleasant hours with M. Ferrier, I will quote what Dr. Robertson says about him in his delightful "Life of Fra Paolo Sarpi," p. 22: "About this time (1578) Fra Paolo made the acquaintance of Arnould Ferrier, Ambassador of King Henry III. of France. This acquaintance ripened into friendship

which influenced him in many important ways. It materially helped him in his studies bearing on the Council of Trent, for Ferrier had there represented his Sovereign, and, what is of more consequence, it confirmed and enlarged his already enlightened ideas as to the right of kings and governments as being outside those of Pope and Church; for Ferrier had boldly demanded at the Council that the charter of the liberties of the Gallican Church should not be touched. . . . Ferrier . . . further advocated at the Council of Trent the return of the Church to its ancient usages in the matter of giving the Scriptures to the laity, of permitting the faithful to communicate in both kinds, of revising the breviaries and missals, of having the service in all its parts read in the vernacular, and of permitting the clergy to marry. . . . He belonged to the great Liberal or old Catholic party in the Church. The seed sown in Fra Paola's mind by Ferrier bore fruit in after life."

Who shall say that Lra Paolo Sarpi was not included in that congenial party that met round Ferrier's dinner table? He was at this time the Provincial of his Order, and the City of Venice was under his jurisdiction. He had the privilege of residing in any monastery he chose, he was a devoted lover of Venice, and the great defender of its religious freedom. In after life Francis Bacon was in correspondence with "good Father Paul's" secretary, if not with himself. On the fact alone that Friar Sarpi taught the circulation of the blood before Shake-speare and Harvey, we may presume that young Francis and he were friends.

Bacon, in his political Tract,* "The States of Christendom," discusses poor France—its calamities, divisions, and miseries wrought by Spanish faction. Arnauld

* "Written about 1582."

Ferrier and the Protestant queen's young envoy would certainly have discussed this topic, as also that one so near our Francis's heart—the religious unity of Christendom.

M. Ferrier had brought the translation of the Vulgate before the Council of Trent (1545—63) and just two years after this meeting in Venice, the New Testament (already produced at Rheims) together with the Old Testament, were first printed at Douay, 1609. Sir Toby Mathew, Bacon's *alter ego*, joined the Roman Communion, 1606. It remains a secret where he studied theology abroad, but we know Douay had a theological Roman Catholic college at that time. Whether young Bacon and Sir Toby had one or both a considerable share in the Douay Bible, *chi lo sa?*

During the week spent by our traveller in Venice, "Its police, situation, arsenal, Piazza of Saint Mark, and the crowds of foreign peoples" are the things that struck him most. The merchants which congregated on the Rialto market-place from almost every quarter of the globe was a distinctive feature of the Venice of that day, and our Shake-speare was not slow to observe and make use of it. A gondola was hired for night and day, seeing Venice was as gay by one as the other. The "*stali*" and "*premi*" of the gondoliers is alluded to by Montaigne in his essays: "The *ignobels* of India cry out in walking as the gondoliers do in Venice at the turn of the ways, so as to avoid collisions." Our author seems as familiar with India as he is with Venice! He does not seem altogether as pleased with Venice as he expected, but he explains that this short visit really counted for nothing, as he intended to return again later at his leisure. A sensitive nose (which we happen to know was Francis's by birthright) made him dislike the acrid smell of the Venice marshes as much as the mud of Paris, though both cities, he says, are beautiful. His "hunger"

to see Venice is the excuse given for this hurried visit which took them out of their way.

During Sir Henry Wotton's embassy (1604—15) Francis Bacon found leisure and opportunity, no doubt, to know and love Venice better.

A little incident took place at the French Embassy during Monday's dinner—a copy of Letters, just published, containing two sonnets dedicated to Henry III. were received by our author. The writer was the accomplished and beautiful Signora Veronica Franca, a once notorious in the city, but since 1574 devoted to religion, good works, poetry and music. Her grace and wit procured her the admiration of her contemporaries, who said : "She resembled a character of antiquity." Like Portia, she was "nothing under-valued to Cato's daughter, Brutus Portia." We have grown to look on the plays as a mirror of life. Was this Venetian lady Portia's great original? No, a thousand times no ! Bacon tells us that, "When two lights do meet the greater doth darken and dim the less." Portia herself says : "So doth the greater glory dim the less." Shakespeare gives us many tributes to the stainless virtue of Portia :—

"She is fair, and fairer than that word, of wondrous virtues."

Where was this ideal woman to be found—in Italy ? Who was she ? I am prepared to answer these questions fully further on. In the meantime we will follow our traveller back to Padua by the River Brenta, Saturday, November 12th.

Padua was left next day for Praglia—that wealthy and fine monastery, that courteously and hospitably received strangers, and, possibly, angels unawares.

The Roman baths of Abano were visited, and on the way others which reminded our author of those celebrated on the property of the King of Navarre. Their

road led them past the villa where the pleasure-loving old Cardinal Luigi D'Este, brother of Alfonso II., was nursing his gout.

Rovigo came next, still the property of the Seignory. Our traveller mentions it as the birthplace of "the good Celio" (Rodigino, the author of many notes and observations on various subjects and of many doctrines on the writers of antiquity, published posthumely 1550). Just such a man as we should expect our author to be interested in. A foot-way then reminded him of Blois.

Bataille and more baths came next, the waters of which were applied to the limbs and foreheads of sufferers—by douche, or by dry heat as in Turkish baths.

Knowing what a sufferer from agonising headache Francis was, one wonders if the complicated heating apparatus in his little Verulam House at Gorhambury provided him with a curative Turkish bath, *à la* Bataille? His house was built near the water, we know, because he could not take the stream up to the big house.

The ruined Castle of Montselise on the hill is next mentioned, once the home of the Lords of the town. A footnote tells that the famous treacle of Venice was compounded from the many vipers that infested this spot. Pretty Roverigo, watered by the Adige, was reached through fertile plains of grain fringed with vine-hung trees. They arrived at Ferrara on Tuesday, 15th November. Our author describes it as "large as Tours." It is curious that Blois and Tours seem quite uppermost in his mind, to say nothing of Paris!*

Boulton, in his "Tasso and his Times" (Methuen), has pictured the Ferrara of that day excellently well. On the high road to Rome its brilliant frivolity attracted thousands of foreigners, who flocked to this birthplace of Musical Comedy, Pastoral Plays, and Epic Romance.

* See former article.

On the next morning D'Estissac and De Montaigne (the former youth always mentioned first) "kissed the hands" of Alfonso D'Este the reigning Duke, who kept up the tradition of his father, Ercole, that ideal patron of learning and art, dramatic author, and actor. Arrived at the Castello, they were ushered by a noble of the Court into the Duke's private chamber. Groups of gay courtiers and valorous knights stood about in the suite of rooms they passed through, among whom we know from history was one of the scholarly Bentivoili mentioned in the *Taming of the Shrew* (Act. I.). The Duke, standing upright against a table, not only touched his cap at their entrance but remained uncovered while Montaigne spoke with him, "which was long." Alfonso II., grandson of Catherine de Medicis, gave a gracious reception, naturally, to the youth who not only, as I believe, was the young envoy of the English Queen, but who under the name of D'Estissac brought personal introductions from Catherine and Henry III. Finding on enquiry that his language was familiar to his guests, the Duke in eloquent Italian welcomed the gentlemen of their nation, being, as he said, "himself the Servitor of the very Christian King, and his most obliged." Bacon, in his Political Tract, is careful to tell us that Alfonso of Ferrara "of all the princes of Italy alone inclineth to the French." After some further conversation, the Lord Duke remaining uncovered, our travellers retired.

The Diary is curiously silent about a visit paid that day to Torquato Tasso in the Hospital of St. Anna. It is from Montaigne's Essays we learn of it, and how he saw the poor mad genius in his "piteous estate." Tasso, though under restraint, was at this time writing quite coherent and sensible appeals and petitions to the great and learned.

Montaigne specially mentions Tasso's self-centred-

ness, which suggests that the poet spoke much of himself and his interests. Boulton dwells on the learned ladies who honoured Tasso with their love and attentions. Torquina Molza, both handsome and witty, Princesses, Duchesses, Countesses, were all more than devoted but none seem to have had the power to make him forget his happy boyhood passed in the ancestral palace of his beautiful mother, Portia, whose fragrant personality remained ever fresh in his memory long years after her death.

He writes : " When I was but a child, a cruel fate tore me from my mother's bosom. Ah, I remember her kisses wet with her sad tears, her sobs, and fervent prayers—only uttered to be borne away by the evasive air, how I could not press my cheek too close while she strained me to her heart as if she could not let me go " (Boulting, p. 28). It is thus Portia Tasso was immortalised by Torquato, and it is in the *Merchant of Venice* she was immortalised, as I think, by Francis Bacon, who became enamoured of her beauty, virtue and charm through the devoted and garrulous descriptions of her most loving son. Portia died in her prime, before her beauty faded, or age robbed her of the grace he remembered so well. It is said that nothing could exceed the filial love of Tasso. As we read of the lovers Portia and Bernardo we seem transported into the world of romance. Bernardo Tasso, the friend and confidant of Princes, was a handsome, chivalrous gentleman of feeling, a scholar, and courtier, who, living in gay and brilliant Venice, famed for its feasts, and midnight masques, and torch-light processions was always unlucky with his money affairs, and died in 1569 in debt. The exact prototype of Bassanio, surely !

Of his beloved poet-father, Torquato writes : " Father, good father ! who watches me from the sky, well you know how my tears bathe your tomb and your bed ! "

Portia de' Rossi was an heiress, as I gather, of the Gambicorti, and, added to her intelligence, virtue, and beauty, she had withal the same sweet submissiveness of her who said to Bassanio the "Scholar":—

"Happy in this she is not so old but she may learn, . . . her gentle spirit commits itself to yours to be directed, as from her Lord, her governor, her King."

Portia Tasso wrote to her Bernardo :—

"I would be with you even were it in hell!"

While her sweet namesake says to her Bassanio in Belmont :—

"Though yours, not yours . . . let Fortune go to hell for it, not I!"

Both these beautiful, romantic, virtuous Italian Portias alluding to their beloved's absence, connect themselves with a visit to hell! A curious coincidence if nothing more. Any unbiassed critic must allow the portraits of Tasso's mother and father could not be better drawn than they are in the *Merchant of Venice*.

Before leaving the subject of Bassanio I should like to point out that his speech—

"Those crispéd snaky locks
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The scull that bred them in the sepulture"—

connected hitherto with Queen Elizabeth and her wigs, may rather be traced to swarthy, black Margaret of Valois the alluring friend of our Francis in Paris, who, painted and perfumed as a lily, wore a "fair *friséd* wig," and carried it about with her in her travels to Spa and elsewhere in her golden litter.

The *Merchant of Venice* was alluded to by Meres in

1598. When it was written, who can say? But that it was inspired by an early visit to Italy and to Tuscany there can be no doubt.

One line in Nerissa's remarks about "one Bassanio" (Act I., Scene ii.) is worth noticing: "That came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat."

How well posted up our author was with the noblemen of Italy! As well as Francis Bacon was, who tells us in his "Works Political" that Montferrat appertaineth to William, third Duke of Mantua, whose son Vicenzio married the Prince of Parma's daughter." Let it be enquired if he was known as the *Marquis of Montferrat*? His sister, Anne Gonsago, married the Duke of Ferrara, Alfonso, Bacon tells us. Montaigne calls her Margherita.

With regard to the incident of the three caskets in the comedy, it is worth knowing that the curious old folio, "New and Old," brought out by one John Spencer, 1628, has the following paragraph, with the name attached: "It is storied of a young virgin that she had . . . the choice of three vessels. One was gold . . . the second was of silver, the third of lead . . . and on the gold one was written, 'Who chooseth me shall have what many men desireth.' The very words as we remember on Portia's silver casket; one on her gold were, 'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserveth.'" In Spencer it was the silver vessel that bore that motto. His apothegm adds, "It offered what she deserved; she knew that was just nothing, and therefore refused it." The Prince of Arragon found in the "silver treasure-house" a fool's head. In Spencer's story the gold vessel contained a fool's bauble! "to set them down for very *idiots*, which cleave to the present world, and have all their hopes rewarded with folly." Shakespeare's Arragon says, "What's here! The portrait of a blinking *idiot*," and

"With one folly's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two."

As to the contents of the silver casket, Shakespeare puts a skull into it. And Spencer puts dead men's bones as well as the bauble into the gold one. Shakespeare into the leaden one places Portia's portrait, while Spencer's version makes it: "full of gold and precious stones," representing the blessing of God and the graces of God's Spirit," a pretty compliment, as I take it, to Portia. The apothegm ends with this: "No matter though it seem lead without, and glisters not with outward vanities, it is rich within; the wealth thereof cannot be valued, though all the arithmetical accomptants should make it their design to cast it up." A lead for Bassanio had he read this! The plot of the *Merchant of Venice* is said to be taken from the "*Pecorone*," and Mr. Sidney Lee tells us, "The story followed by Shakespeare was not accessible in his day in any language but the original Italian," which is delightful, and makes for the Bacon authorship.

Green, in his "Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers," points out that Torquato Tasso was a symbolic artist, giving the date of 1594 for the publication of his Emblem work, adding: "Any correspondence . . . in thoughts and expression between him and Shakespeare must have been accidental. Certainly not! Francis Bacon, the prince of emblemists, and Torquato Tasso had sympathy and plenty of interests in common.

The great theatre of Ariosto was a principal feature in Ferrara. The Estensi themselves acted there, and so did the Strolling Players when they came. An effigy of Ariosto is mentioned by the travellers in the church in which the poet was modestly interred. It seems strange that one day only was devoted to Ferrara, that vortex of gaiety and pleasure, that centre of dramatic art.

Beautiful churches, gardens and private houses, and "all that was in any way remarkable," were visited. It must truly have been a hard day of sight-seeing! One wonders whether the lovely gardens of the *Belriguardo*, d'Este's island villa, were among the gardens they saw? And whether it suggested Belmont to our author's mind? There Tasso wrote his Musical Pastoral, and rehearsed it with the aid of the Players. Amongst other sights, they saw a rose-tree at the Jesuates a foot high, that bore flowers all months of the year. The duke's Bucintore interested our author, built by Alfonso for his new wife to float upon the river Po in. She was beautiful, he says, and "too young for Alfonso." Francis Bacon, in his Tract, supplements this fact by adding that "Alfonso at this time was forty years old." His wife, we know, was sixteen.

The duke's arsenal they saw, and probably the duke himself was instrumental in showing them the best of Ferrara, including his wife.

Ferrara was left on Thursday, 17th, and Bologna reached that evening. A Saturday *matinée* of Comedians gave great pleasure, but also brought on a severe headache, such as had not been endured for many years. A footnote says the company was probably that of the "*Confidenti*" Comedians, who frequented Bologna at this time, introduced to Cardinal Cesi by the Duke of Mantua.

On Sunday our party intended making for Ancona and Loretto, *en route* for Rome, but, warned by "a German" that banditti were infesting the territory of Spoleto, they went straight to Florence instead.

On Wednesday, 22nd of November, Florence was reached by way of Pratellino, a Palace built by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Francesco de' Medicis, of whom Francis Bacon speaks so at large in the Tract already alluded to. Pratellino surpassed anything they

had seen elsewhere. Not the least "miraculous thing was a grotto, adorned with sponges brought from the mountains, wherein music issued from an organ played by water-power, and statues moved, and animals plunged in to drink, and such like."

The grotto was full of water, and "water played upon you from the seats, and when flying from this you mounted the stairs of the castle, a thousand jets of water bathed you till you reached the top of the house." Wide alleys in the garden below, and marble fountains are accurately described, all giving immense pleasure during the two or three hours spent there.

These magic water-works, and mysterious melodies and harmonies, bring to one's mind the grotto and wonders of mechanical contrivance belonging to Sir Thomas Bushel, Francis Bacon's seal-bearer and devoted ally, at Easton in Oxfordshire—water-works which so delighted King Charles I. that he brought Queen Henrietta Maria to dine there and see it all; on which occasion an old hermit rose from the bowels of the earth and recited poetry for the entertainment of the royal pair. It has been said that the contrivances at Easton were taught Bushel by his friend and master, Francis Bacon. Was the grotto at Pratellino his inspiration? The pleasant home later of Gallileo guest—prisoner of the Grand Duke. I must postpone details of our travellers' visit to Florence, Siena and Rome to another occasion, only adding that every step of this journey confirms me in my opinion that this diary is a collection of brief notes made by young Francis Bacon during his first visit to Italy.

ALICIA AMY LEITH.

[Ariosto Ludovico (1474—1533) published "Orlando Furioso." R. Warwick Bond, in his *Taming of the Shrew*, Introduction, p. xvi. "*i suppositi*, a Comedy

written by *Ariosto*, Englished by George Gascoigne, of Gray's Inn, Esq., and there presented—1555—and called *Supposes*. First written in prose and acted at Ferrara, afterwards versified by its author. . . . Gascoigne who follows it quite closely in language and conduct made use of both versions. . . . From the "Supposes" rather than from "A Shrew," the features of our underplot are borrowed. . . . "Though," says Bond in a note: "A Shrew" had already borrowed largely from "Supposes." He adds: "Here we have the original of the suit of Grumio and the pretended suit of Tranio, etc., etc."—A. A. L.]

HAMLET AND THE PIRATE.

IT is certain that no just estimate of the character of Hamlet can be formed until the idea is eradicated from the minds of critics and general readers that he was a weak, halting, vacillating person; infirm of purpose, and unfitted for the task assigned him; and that the final catastrophe, involving the punishment of the king, was brought about by "providence" or blind chance, and almost without his agency. Whereas he was active, alert, always ready to move promptly upon the occasion, and such delay as occurred in the execution of his task was due to no fault of his, but was caused by the pressure of external circumstances. Professor Karl Werder has made this clear in his admirable essay, "The Heart of Hamlet's Mystery."

What I believe to be the almost universally misconception of Hamlet's character takes its rise and maintains its power from the tremendous influence of Goethe and his famous simile of the "Oak tree planted in a costly vase, which should have received into its bosom only lovely flowers."

It is not my purpose to enter into a discussion of this matter in its broader aspects, but only to call attention to one feature of the case which appears to me to have been almost universally misunderstood. Even Coleridge—wise critic as he was—referring to Hamlet's capture by the "Pirate," said:—"This is almost the only play of Shakespeare in which mere accidents, independent of all will, form an essential part of the plot; but here how judiciously in keeping with the character of the over-meditative Hamlet, ever at last determined by accident or a fit of passion!"

Even Professor Werder seems to have missed the point in Hamlet's sea-adventure, in which is involved the question of his alertness and energy, and upon which depends all the subsequent progress of events.

In all that has been written on the subject, I do not remember that it has ever been suggested (except in the cases mentioned below) that the so-called pirates, who "captured" Hamlet while on the voyage to England, where he was to be put to death by command of King Claudius, were not really pirates at all, but Norse sea-rovers, or perhaps a detachment of the squadron of Fortinbras, working Hamlet's interest and in furtherance of an agreement with him.

It was not until this paper was entirely written that my attention was called to the excellent essay of Mr. Miles, "A Review of Hamlet," in the *Southern Review*, April and July, 1870, in which he reaches conclusions similar to mine, but as it does not seem to be very widely known, or to have produced the impression that it deserves to produce, I think there can be no harm done by adding my word to his, and I am glad to have the opportunity to acknowledge his priority. Still later there came under my observation the admirable work, "Hamlet Unveiled," by Rentala Vincata Subbarau, Madras, 1906, in which a similar view of the case is

maintained. In fact, this author goes farther than I have gone, as he claims that the arrangements for the rescue were made by Hamlet long in advance. This I think very likely, but I do not see that it can be demonstrated from the text.

A comparison of four passages of the play should make this perfectly clear. They are :—

First.—Act III. iv. 11, 199—210.

Second.—Act IV. iv. 11, 43—47.

Third.—Act IV. vi. 11, 12—30.

Fourth.—Act V. ii. 11, 18—25

The first is in the Closet Scene :—

Hamlet : I must to England, you know that ?

Queen : Alacke I had forgot : This so concluded on.

Hamlet : There's letters seald, and my two Schoole-fellows,

Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,

They beare the mandat, they must sweep my way

And marshall me to knavery : let it worke,

For tis the sport to have the engineer

Hoist with his own petar, an't shall go hard

But I will delve one yard belowe their mines,

And blowe them at the moone : O tis most sweete

When in one line two crafts directly meete.

Mr. Miles, in the essay referred to, suggests that if the word "*craft*" had its present maritime significance in Shakespeare's time, the pun alone is conclusive evidence of a pre-arranged capture." It was so used as early as 1683, in "*Dampier's Voyages*," published in that year. The passage is this : "Right against the bay, where the Dutch fort stands, there is a navigable river for small craft." The New English Dictionary cites Sir E. Littleton, Hatton Corr :—"Only ketches or such small craft to attend the fleet and fire-ships"; and it adds, "Craft is any kind of nets or lines to catch fish with." Craft in the sense of ships or boats with fishing requisites. The uses were probably colloquial with

water-men some time before they appeared in print, so that the history is not evidenced, but the expression is probably elliptical."

In *King Lear* II. ii. 108 is a passage suggestive of a quibble on the word in its maritime sense, due to the association of "harbour" and "craft."

These kind of Knaves I know, which in this plainnesse
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Then twenty silly-ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

There can be little doubt of the pun in these passages.

In the conference with his mother we find Hamlet distinctly declaring to her that he understands that his two school-fellows are his suborned murderers, whom he would trust no more than he would fanged adders, and furthermore he intimates very clearly that he is devising a counterplot; that they will sweep the way and marshall him to knavery. That I take to mean that they will force him to an act that, if done otherwise than under compulsion, would be knavery. That he intends to have the engineer hoist with his own petard, which, as the sequel shows, is exactly what he does. It is difficult to see how a plan for a counterplot could be more definitely expressed. It is true that this passage is omitted in the Folio, and from this Mr. George Macdonald, in his study of Hamlet, argues that Shakespeare, upon more mature consideration, decided to make Hamlet's rescue more "providential." This seems to me far from convincing, as the evidence of the counterplot does not depend upon these lines alone or even mainly. Mr. Macdonald suggests another reason for the omission, namely, that Shakespeare saw that Hamlet was not sufficiently sure of his mother's position in the matter to warrant him in taking her so far into

his confidence. This seems more probable; but a sufficient explanation of the omission of this and many other passages from the Folio is that the play was too long and it was necessary to shorten it for stage presentation.

Our second reference is this, IV. iv. 12—30, where Hamlet meets Fortinbras on a "plain in Denmark."

I do not know

Why yet I live to say this thing's to doe

Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and meanes

To doo't ;

How could he have felt that he had "meanes to doo't" unless he anticipated his escape from banishment, and how could he anticipate that unless he had planned for it? Moreover, Fortinbras is a prince of the Norsemen—the Vikings. This meeting would have given Hamlet the opportunity to secure the services of the rescuing ship, which might very well be one of the squadron that brought Fortinbras to Denmark, even if the plot had not been arranged before.

It is true that this is also omitted from the Folio, and Mr. Macdonald's suggestions regarding the former passage apply equally to this, so also the reply to them. These omitted passages are such as do not advance the action—retard it, rather—and it was necessary that they should be omitted for purposes of stage presentation.

It is generally believed that an English play on the subject of Hamlet existed earlier than the version which appeared in quarto in 1603. Whether such play was the work of "Shakespeare" does not concern us in the present inquiry. In either case it may have contained matter which made this subject clear, and which has dropped out in the revision.

We now turn to Hamlet's own account of his adventure in his letter to Horatio :—

"Horatio: When thou shalt have overlooked this, give these Fellows some meanes to the King : They have Letters for him. Ere we were two days old at Sea, a Pirate of very Warlicke appointment gave us Chase. Finding our selves too slow of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grappel, I boarded them: On the instant they got cleare of our Shippe, so I alone became their Prisoner. They have dealt with me, like Theeves of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to doe good turne for them," etc., etc.

This has not been omitted from the Folio, but it stands there as it does in the quarto of 1604, and it seems to me that the whole purpose of the "Pyrate of very warlike appointment" was Hamlet's rescue.

What better evidence could there be of an understanding—"they knew what they did"—"I am to doe a good turne for them." That certainly is the account of a bargain with consideration mutually given and received.

"In the grapple," Hamlet boarded them—"they got cleare of our shippe." Got clear of the ship they had captured! Curious "Pirates" those! Why did Hamlet board the "Pyrate," and alone? Was he seeking death? Why did not the "Pyrate" carry out her apparent purpose and plunder the King's ship? Why should she chase the other ship, grapple her, and, the moment Hamlet was rescued, cut loose and sail away? A remarkable pirate surely! The usual interpretation of the incident is the height of absurdity. The King's ship had put on "compelled valour"—showing that she was the weaker—or at least that she so considered herself and was so considered by Hamlet. She was practically vanquished, yet as soon as Hamlet was secured the pirate got clear and ran away from her. Let Appella the Jew or the Marines believe that! There is only one explanation of the performance: the "Pyrate" had accomplished her purpose.

They dealt with Hamlet like "theeves of Mercy : but they knew what they did," and Hamlet was "to doe a good turne for them." Of course, he was to pay them for their services. Could "daylight and champagne discover more ? "

One more citation and I am done :—V. ii. 17.

(My feares forgetting manners) to unseale
 Their grand Commission, where I found *Horatio*,
 Oh royall knavery : An exact command,
 Larded with many severall sorts of reason ;
 Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,

 My head should be struck off.

All that is to be deduced from this is that by comparison with Hamlet's speech to his mother at III. iv. 199, it is manifest that he has put into execution the counterplot of which he then announced his intention.

Since writing this I have looked over the notes to the Misses Porter and Clar Clarke's First Folio Edition of Hamlet so far as they apply to the subject here discussed, and I find what I had forgotten, that they do credit Hamlet with the "embryo" of a plot. It does not seem to be embryonic in the least, but a plot carefully thought out, courageously executed, and thoroughly successful. It has been so much the fashion for commentators to charge Hamlet with weakness, vacillation, and infirmity of purpose because he did not get up early in the morning and kill the King before breakfast or stab him in the back while he was saying his prayers, that they pay not the slightest attention to his carefully designed and successfully executed plans.

It is a familiar fact that "Shakespeare" seldom originated the plots of his dramas. He adopted both plots and episodes from history, "novels," poems and

plays. If, therefore, it can be shown that an incident similar to Hamlet's adventure with the pirate had been reported either as fact or fable, it would go far in support of the theory that this incident was suggested by it and that the similarity was intentional. Now, strangely enough, in authentic English history a similar occurrence is recorded where an attacking ship assumed the appearance of a pirate with designs very much like those existing in the case of Hamlet's adventure.

During the Jesuit plot of 1585, Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, was suspected of complicity in it and, although he had not been arrested or placed in confinement, he was kept under surveillance. Philip was aware of it, and fearing that there was sufficient evidence to convict him if he should be brought to trial, he decided upon a plan to escape to the Continent. He caused to be engaged for him at Dover a vessel to take him to Calais, and he succeeded, apparently, in eluding observation and getting aboard in safety. However, the authorities had not lost track of him. In relating what followed I will quote from "*Her Majesty's Tower*," by Hepworth Dixon, Vol. I, p. 205 :—

When he got a fair wind, and put out to sea at dusk, the skipper who had bargained to take him over for so many pistoles, hung out a light, on which they were suddenly assailed with a shot by a ship of war, commanded by Captain Keloway, whom Philip supposed to be a pirate. Keloway, acting the part of pirate, boarded the boat, saw the Earl, and asked him whither he was going? Philip, who never suspected that his captor was acting under orders from Walsingham, replied that he was bound for Calais. Keloway, playing the part of pirate, told him he should go free for one hundred pounds, for which sum he must give his note of hand to some confidential friend on shore. Philip sat down and wrote a letter to his sister, Lady Margaret

Sackville, begging her to ask Father Grately to pay the bearer of his note one hundred pounds by this token that was betwixt them—*that black is white*. The pretended pirate took the letter, read it closely, and put it in his pocket; and then, turning sharply on the writer, told him that he was no pirate, but a public officer, who had been appointed to lie in wait for him at sea, to take him in the act of breaking the law, and to bring him back by force to land.

Of course the purpose of the stratagem in the two cases differs; one is to capture a prisoner, the other to rescue one, but the stratagem itself is identical. The coincidence seems too close to be accidental. It is scarcely possible that the Arundel incident should not have been in the mind of the Poet when he wrote *Hamlet*. It would also naturally be in the minds of the audience and of readers of the play, thus rendering a detailed explanation of the ruse unnecessary.

ISAAC HULL PLATT.

WHO WAS THE WRITER?

IN 1617 was published at Middelburg "Silenus Alcibiadis Sive Proteus, Vitæ Humanæ Ideam, Emblemate Trifariam Variato, Oculis Subjiciens." The letterpress under each design is in Latin, and there are accompanying verses to each emblem in Dutch, Latin, and French. The Voor-reden is in Dutch, and is signed by J. Cats. There was a diplomatic representative of Holland accredited to England during the reign of James, bearing this name, who is supposed to be the writer of the Voor-reden. The head-pieces and tail-pieces are designs which were used by English printers. Prefixed to the book is a preface in Latin, headed "Ad Lectorem, De Sine Hius Opulsculi, Præfatio." Over it is the design with Archers, rabbits and dogs, which is

found in the Shakespeare Folio, 1623, the folio 1611 of the Authorised Version of the Bible, Bacon's "Novum Organum," and in other books. This preface is signed "Majores de Baptis," and is so remarkable in suggestion that a translation of it has been made and is now presented in English for the first time.

TO THE READER.

Concerning the Object of this little Work.

PREFACE.

Although in a boyish game not wholly ludicrous, which here I exhibit, you may expect some childish things, nevertheless that within you may find what you seek (since hardly anyone seeketh the same thing), my opinion, gentle reader, is, that you should pause a while in the entrance court before you go further to hear what I have to say concerning the title, plan and scope of this little book.

Whosoever shall aspire to be the interpreter of what it says or depicts must judge "æquim qui quim." The Greeks first, and afterwards the Romans, imitators of the Greeks, invented this class of writing and named it Emblemata. The origin of the word, and the explanation thereof, I leave to others. Subtle disquisitions I pass by, and proceed to the description of the thing itself. I define Emblemata, shrewdly designed as dumb images which, nevertheless, talk light things which possess weight, jocose things which are not stupid, to be read in a twofold sense as written, and to be considered oftener than read. Some one may perhaps wonder why, except as ornaments, we of this age tolerate such illusive trifles, I know not what else to call them—seeing that they appear to be opposed to the sobriety of models, as well as repugnant to holy meditations, things so diverse that at first blush they seem to be like a small bundle of ill-matched fagots bound together.

To the end that I may meet this objection, worthy reader, if you must differ with me, I prithee hear my explanation concerning the true history of this work.

The first part of these my emblems (I do ingenuously confess it) had their origin in the period of my lawless and disordered youth.

That part makes libation to the poetic syrens and their wiles, possessing as it does the characteristics of youth. A few therein are amatory emblems, inept and juvenile, embellished with verses of like character, which, when graver occupations demanded at my hands so much time, I laid aside.

When recently it fell to me to unroll certain other earlier poems in the same handwriting as this first part (although, thanks to the singular mercies of the Almighty, I no longer breathed the miasma of my former days), I seem, I say, to see myself drawn to the life therein—a boy tossed up and down upon the waves of youthful passions. I felt, I know not how, the sparks of those loving studies rekindle in me, and, as the poet says:—*“Agnovi veteris vestigia flammæ”* (*I recognized the burning of the ancient flame*).

Seeing, then, that I could be a little carried away by the soft seductions of those old allurements, I began to turn this over in my mind for the sake of amendment and instruction.

It was then that I resolved that I would vary those youthful and amatory emblems conceived in poetic spirit, changing them into meditations for middle age more virile, and, for old age maxims moral and sacred.

It seemed to me that in this sportive mood I could present no vain image of human life of others and my own. I could lay bare before the eye, in a threefold book, a threefold curriculum natural, civil, Christian. To this work, therefore, I addressed myself. In the first book the natural and genuine effigy of youth is painted, pursuing his own aims and propensities, concerning which, as a tribute to nature, no man should be ignorant. Why should I deny that I paint my own portrait? He alone fears to confess his own vices who never turned away from them. He spake excellently and to the point who said, “To recount a dream is to be awake.”

Man, the citizen, in social consort with living men, is the subject of my second book. Man, the Christian, animated by true faith of which some faint lines alone are given, occupies the third book. The reader will not fail to observe that the like engravings are retained in every book, “*cum ob alia tam ob hoc.*” Man retains the

external form of his body throughout life, but I persuade myself, and I hope others, that the faculties of his mind change from time to time.

Thus, teaching you to pass from wild and variable youth through the virile strength of man's estate to old age, with its laudable volubility, and so to better and deeper things, then shall genuine and solid gravity take the place of juvenile vanity and inane levity. A comparison instituted between the periods of life, and at last reason, no longer clouded by human passions, shall be anticipated by the power of the Divine will.

Now, because the youthful part is no small section of the whole, it may be that someone more fastidious than others, reading the title, may cast the work aside, thereby deterred from reading the latter parts to his prejudice (for some tender ears are not attuned to the voluptuous softness of lascivious poets). I have made different titles and *extempore* appearances, and in the latter parts I have taken care to remove the poetic effigy of Cupid and other amatory ineptitudes, lest someone lighting thereupon may suppose that there lies concealed therein the dalliances of *Venus and Adonis*.

A man may invite his grandson to the reading of the latter part of this book. My reader, I commit a fraud, but as I hope a harmless one, as nurses with their charges oft disguise the bitter medicine administered for the infant's good with sugary coating, or as the verse goes—

“ Prius oraspocula circum
Contingunt dulci mellis flavoque liquore.”

Or as the surgeon who pretends to touch with his sponge the breast of the maiden while with his knife he lances the ulcer. Fortunate is one sometimes to be deceived. What kind of fraud shall not be permitted and friendliness remain shall not be here avowed.

Again, while on this subject, give me leave to say that I am wholly devoted to young men. I would allure them by a friendly—that is, a loving—smile by a title pleasing to their boyish eyes. In this work I have no use for old and supercilious men. I would prevent, in limine, the spectacle of their futile ridicule of this work.

Thus, while I show one contrary, I impinge upon another, namely, to provide a remedy for him secretly,

who knows this is a work of price, and yet not explain to all alike. This book, because it is obscure, not everywhere obvious, I entitle "Silenus Alcibiadis."

I have indicated sufficiently, but not too crudely, why this work should be called thus by the apposition of the title *Of Emblems* 2. What is the work required to explain? I wish this book may live to condemn and punish puerile jests against itself, although it may in appearance (as they say) be ridiculous.

It is true that a former little book which my youth poured freely out treats amorous things foolishly, almost salaciously; here on the contrary, as the judicious reader will notice I sprinkle almost everywhere the salt of moral doctrine, especially so in those flowers of learning which are quoted for the sake of ornament and explication.

You will find jokes everywhere, I confess it, but, just as it is impossible to paint without pigments, so it is impossible to describe youthful manners, or the nature of mankind without these; nor, otherwise, to do it than as I have done it. These emblems awake torpid minds from their apathy; they point the way to better things; they lead the youthful mind upward, when otherwise it would fear to ascend.

The matter speaks as much to men as when subjects are treated seriously, gravely, soberly. Things ludicrous, nay, even silly toys, sometimes arouse the mind, banish torpor, as it would put ears in the intellect. He saw this who saw much—the only begotten Son of God, our Saviour. He did not take refuge with the learned only. Speaking daily to the people and preaching constantly to auditors whom He wished to arouse or instruct and concealing art by art, He drew His parables from light and common things.

He did not in jest use the grain of mustard seed and like similes, but sanely, soberly, in order to give point to the perorations of His divine epilogues, as often in evangelical history we may discover. And who does not remember that Paul and other holy men did the like thing—witness the quotation of a line of heathen poetry, in aid of the interpretation of a divine mystery.

Among the learned the neat example of Demosthenes may be mentioned. When he was at Athens pleading in a capital cause, and some of his auditors were noisy

and a little inattentive to him, he said, "You will soon lend me ears, because I am about to bring forth some things new and interesting." At which words, when profound silence and deep attention reigned among his auditors, he continued as follows:—"There was once upon a time a boy who was leading an ass along the highway leading from Athens to Megara. On the journey the heat of the sun was intense, and there was no means of shade anywhere. At last the driver, opposing his beast to the rays of the sun, sat down under the belly of the ass in order to find shelter. Then ensued a controversy, the driver to retain his position, the beast to remove him, the ass wittingly remarking that he had been hired to do the journey not as a sunshade, and the lackey replying that he had hired the ass to use him according to his own sweet pleasure. Why say more? From words they came to blows, and the affair ended in a law-suit." After proceeding thus far with his story, and having engaged their earnest attention, awaiting as they did some strange denouement, he paused as if what he had told them was only a digression. The Athenians, on the contrary, resisted and importuned him to supply the moral of his fable. He replied, "Look you: does it not occur to your minds that the tale of a jackass shadow is the price I pay to gain your attention?" Here I myself leave off, before I whisper the like fable in the ear of those who are about to unravel with their keen eyes and wrinkled brows the first part of this my work. As for the last part, the bees' sting being lost, they may resume their slumbers.

Thou, oh reader, if thou canst hear me and love thyself, this secret law bestow with care in thy mind:—The tail cannot be separated from the head. C. MAIORES DE BAPTIS, *Farewell.*

NOTES.

IN the *Cornhill Magazine* for September Mr. Andrew Lang criticises Mr. G. G. Greenwood's destructive criticism of the alleged Shakespere authorship of the plays. Mr. Greenwood's attitude as a critic of the Shakespere myth, at the same time disavowing belief in the Baconian theory, displeases Mr. Lang, who

remarks : "But I must first say that Mr. Greenwood is no more a Baconian than Crummles was a Prussian. He is untainted by belief in ciphers and cryptograms. His author has left no claim to authorship. Mr. Greenwood merely cannot believe that a rustic from a dirty town, an actor, a bootless man, wrote the plays and poems attributed by his contemporaries to Shakespeare. Mr. Greenwood attributes them to a busy philanthropist, a transcendent poet, a polished courtier, a master of the law, a nameless being whom I shall style X for short."

Mr. Lang utterly fails to make any headway against Mr. Greenwood's position. Nothing can be more feeble than his attack. The following admission is noteworthy. Speaking of the long and learned "Lives of Shakespeare" by Halliwell-Phillips, Sir Sidney Lee, and many others, Mr. Lang says :—

The "Lives" are "such stuff as dreams are made off," though invaluable studies of Elizabethan society and literature. As to facts, we have, says Mr. Saintsbury, "a skeleton which is itself far from complete, and which, in most points, can only be clothed with the flesh of human and literary interest by the most perilous process of conjecture." We are not absolutely sure of the identity of Shakespeare's father, nor of his wife's; his name is not (nor is any other boy's) in a list of pupils at Stratford School. We seldom know when any of his plays was first produced, or first composed, and in his will he says no more about his books than did the learned and judicious Hooker. "Almost all the commonly received stuff of his life-work is shreds and patches of tradition, if not positive dream-work." Some of these legends were inserted by Rowe in the first biography of the poet nearly a century and a-half after his birth.

No statement of the case can be fairer than this, and so far the disputants are in complete accord. But when reference is made to the allusions in the literature of the time to Shakespeare the poet, a divergence takes place. Mr. Lang objects to the contention of the sceptics that these allusions do not explicitly refer to Shakspeare the actor, and he remarks that Mr. Greenwood even insists that "William Shakespeare" was an excellent *nom de guerre* for a concealed author to assume at a moment when a William that spelled his name "Shakspeare" was notoriously an actor, and was the only William Shakspeare before the public in London. Mr. Lang contends that :—

When contemporaries of Shakespeare wrote about Shakespeare's plays and poems, they had no reason to add "We mean the plays and poems of Mr. William Shakspeare, of My Lord of Leicester's servants or of the King's servants." There was no other William Shakespeare in the public eye; everyone concerned with the stage and literature knew well who William Shak—any spelling you please—was. . . . If to-day we wrote of our dramatic poets, Mr. Galsworthy and Mr. Shaw, we would not waste time in saying what Mr. Shaw and Mr. Galsworthy we meant.

More of "such stuff as dreams are made of," but this time from Mr. Andrew Lang! There is not a shred of evidence to prove that William Shakspeare was in the public eye either in 1593, when the name William Shake-speare was first used on *Venus and Adonis*, or at any other time—no evidence that "everyone connected with the stage and literature knew well who William Shak—any spelling you please—was." But there is a very strong presumption to the contrary on account of any lack of confirmatory evidence. Moreover, the name was not before the public as a play-writer, for *King John* ("Troublesomme Raigne"), 1591; *Taming of a Shrew*, 1594; *Henry VI.*, Parts II. and III., 1594; *Romeo and Juliet*, 1597; *Richard II.*, 1597; *Richard III.*, 1597; *Henry IV.*, Part I., 1598; *Henry V.*, 1598 all appeared anonymously; and when Francis Meres, in 1598, gave the titles of six comedies of Shakespeare's—*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Errors*, *Love's Labour Lost*, *Love's Labour Won*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Merchant of Venice*—there is no evidence that the public knew of them. Meres, who was a relative of John Florio, was a very likely man to be able to give advance information.

Mr. Lang's argument fails to convince because he assumes a condition of circumstances which do not apply to the case. Hundreds of criticisms appeared on the works of George Eliot as they appeared. The public became so familiar with the name that to this day the real name of the author is seldom used in relation to her works; and yet a man bearing the name of George Eliot actually came forward and laid claim to the authorship of Mrs. Marion Evans' novels. How many critics wrote about Fiona Macleod as a poet,

never thinking they were criticising the poems of a personal friend, William Sharp? Mr. Lang presupposes a position which did not exist, and his argument therefore rests on a false basis.

The truth is that Bacon selected as a pseudonym the name "William Shakespeare" without any reference to, probably without any knowledge of the existence of, the Stratford man. The extraordinary combination of letters in the name is so remarkable as to almost savour of magic. That is capable of absolute proof as certain as any mathematical problem. As certain is it that it means "F. Bacon," and "1623" the date of the publication of the folio edition. As certain is it that the printing of that work has been "faked" from the first page to the last, and it is probably the most perfect example of accurate printing that has ever been issued from the press. If Mr. Lang will provide an adequate tribunal to try the truth of these statements they shall be substantiated as clearly as any problem of Euclid, and the Stratford myth shall be dissolved once and for ever. This is no idle boast, but a deliberate challenge. Will Mr. Lang assist in bringing the truth to light?

Having regard to the state of knowledge as it exists to-day with reference to the name William Shakespeare, it would not be surprising if it were eventually proved that no son of John Shakspears was born in 1564, or died in 1616. The Carews were very powerful at Stratford-on-Avon in those days. Thomas Stanton, said to be the sculptor of the original Shakspeare bust in Trinity Church, is also responsible for the monument which is there to the Earl of Totness, better known as Sir George Carew. It has been pointed out that the Shakspeare bust probably preserves a resemblance to the poet, as the monumental likeness of Lord Totness strongly resembles the capital painting of him to be found at Gorhambury. Bacon and George Carew were very closely associated together, especially in the Union of England and Scotland. When the true facts as to the erection of the original Shakespeare monument in Stratford Church come to be known there will be some surprises for the men of letters and scholars. They

will be interested to learn at whose cost it was erected, and they will be instructed in a study of the uses to which emblems were put in those days. "But yet I run before my horse to market."

Mr. Lang is very severe on Mr. Greenwood for having condoned "many justifiable falsehoods" on the part of Ben Jonson. He goes so far as to affirm that if the keeper of the Trophonian Denne was not speaking the truth in his statements appearing in the Folio Edition, and in his Discourses about the author, "he was acting as even an incredibly false and unfeeling knave might well scruple to act." What an amusing assumption of virtue! Writing in the *Free Lance* of May 5th, 1906, Mr. Sydney Grundy makes the following very pertinent remarks:—

Bacon was, like Nature, steeped in mysticism. One of his myriad minds seems to have been dedicated to the invention and solution of riddles. . . . The riddles of the Universe were too transparent to his astounding brain. He must unfold them in other riddles, just as he unfolded his ciphers. Moreover, well he understood the hypnotism which mystery practises upon men, the longevity which it confers upon literature. . . . The Shakespeare-Bacon tournament he himself arranged.

The connection of the names William Shakespeare and F. Bacon with the Folio Edition of 1623 is Bacon's *chef d'œuvre* in riddles.

TWO BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES.

JUDGE WILLIS,

Lawyer, Scholar, Politician, Anti-Baconian.

BY the death of His Honour Justice Willis, K.C., on the 22nd August, the world loses a sound lawyer, a just judge, a learned scholar,—especially in old Puritan literature,—a vehement Liberal politician, an eloquent speaker, an author of literary appreciations in various forms of the poet Thomson, Oliver Cromwell, Burke, Cowper, and especially Milton. He also lectured on Robert Hall, on the duties of those employed, and on Mr. Spurgeon, a brother Baptist. His memory, which was copious and retentive, contained large stores of Miltonic poetry, which he was never weary of reciting. Baconians are especially indebted,—I say *indebted* advisedly, for his Baconian polemics are far more injurious to the side he

defended than to the side he attacked,—especially indebted to Justice Willis for two books,—“The Shakespeare Bacon Controversy,” and “The Baconian Mint, Its Claims Examined.” The former work, which consists chiefly of an imaginary trial, in which the respective claims of Francis Bacon and William Shakspeare are brought into Court, was sufficiently noticed in *BACONIANA*, 1903, p. 81, by Mr. Parker Woodward, who “ventures to affirm that Mr. Willis has entirely failed to prove his ‘case,’” and no one can hesitate to accept this if he reads this very preposterous little comedetta. The book on the Baconian Mint is an attack on the chapter in my “Shakespeare Studies in Baconian Light” on the classic diction of Shakespeare. This is dealt with in the preface to a new issue of the “Studies”; and a more extraordinary mare’s nest I never read. In only one case does Judge Willis convict me of a mistake—one in which the Oxford Dictionary is equally at fault—and when I acknowledged this, the judge, with admirable courtesy, said that my confession was made to cover the ignominy of my exposure! There is no need to recapitulate the leading events of his life, which have been pretty fully detailed in various newspapers, especially the *Kentish Mercury* and the *Eastern Evening News*. He died at his residence in Lee consequent on abscess in the ear, which seems to have penetrated the skull and brought on fatal cerebral inflammation. This, with bronchitis, brought him to the grave. He was in many ways an interesting man. He was the most copious speaker I ever knew. Mr. Montague Williams testifies to this in his “Leaves of my Life,” p. 150, and to many other of his personal traits. Even in his own parlour, addressing an audience of one person, he would speak with an energy of voice and gesticulation as if he was addressing a large audience. On one of these occasions, when I was the solitary auditor, his sweet wife was sitting on the opposite side of the room engaged in needlework, and was evidently very much troubled by her husband’s vehement harangue, and occasionally exclaimed in a suppressed voice, “William! William!” but the orator would not cease.

His vehemence was strikingly shown at the bar and, indeed, this characteristic was one reason for his being “promoted” to a County Court Judgeship; one might say he was “kicked upstairs.” His advocacy and cross examinations were often most violent and offensive, sparing neither witnesses, fellow Counsel, nor even Judges in his bitter invective. The same vehemence was displayed in his parliamentary orations and in the energy of his rhetorical action; his hand on one occasion came down with crashing and crushing violence on Mr. Campbell-Bannerman’s hat. But with all his vehemence and violence, he was a thoroughly kind man, on friendly terms with those whom he had attacked. He was always on the best of terms with me.

The Judge was a Baptist, a most determined Radical and Dissenter, even a “Passive Resister,” and when in Parliament introduced a Bill to remove Bishops from the House of Lords. His Bill obtained a second reading, but never got any further.

The Judge was especially interested in old Puritanical literature, in which his knowledge was probably greater than that of any living man. And his various studies and lectures on Milton, Burke, Cowper and others were full of ripe knowledge and fairly sound criticism. But his criticisms and knowledge were chiefly confined to personal facts and published writings.

Superficially violent, he was in a genuine sense kind and amiable. He would often, in the County Court cases which came before him, help a debtor out of his own pocket, and if his judgment was necessarily adverse to one of the parties, he would show deserved sympathy to either. As a Judge he had no use for invective or violence, and this, I believe, gave an additional sweetness to his manner and character in his later years. He had an enormous library, the bookshelves covering all four sides of a very large room, and he was constantly adding to it.

Peace be to his memory! And may his anti-Baconian books be long read—as object lessons in the way in which controversy should *not* be conducted.

FREDERICK JAMES FURNIVALL.

OUR favourite foe, Mr. Furnivall, died last year, July 2nd. He was born at Egham, February 4th, 1825. As a very eminent Shakespearean critic and a most bitter enemy of the Baconian hypothesis and its advocates, he may be appropriately commemorated in these pages. A volume of personal reminiscences has just been published, containing a Biography by Mr. John Munro, pp. 83; and a collection of memories by about fifty personal or literary admirers, pp. 209; and these various "appreciations" enable us, with the details contained in the Biography, to obtain a pretty clear idea of the personality of this very remarkable man.

To us Furnivall seems a sort of double personality—a kind of Jekyll and Hyde specimen—alternately beaming over with geniality and kindness, and boiling over with intemperate wrath. As to his kindness all the witnesses agree, and doubtless they are right. He was never weary of taking pains and spending time and money in promoting the happiness of children, shop-girls, personal friends, or any strangers who asked literary help from him. But even his best friends admit that his wrath was, perhaps without serious venom, yet violent and extravagant—even in the most trivial matters, such as boat sculling. His friends speak of his "harsh judgments," his "pertness, which passed all reasonable bounds," his "unbridled violence of expression." "No thousand red-rags ever I should think had so terrible an effect" as controversial opposition. Even Mr. Sidney Lee, unrepentant of his own "monomania," says that in controversy he was "outspoken and defiant, more than conventionality would approve." His biographer tell us that "unsparing personalities were finally showered him, being in terms probably unparalleled in utter

lack of restraint in modern English literature." And that "Furnivall's method towards his opponents was a method of pure provocation," consisting of "voluble abuse and ridicule, constituting the most unhappy incidents in Furnivall's career," which we would wish had never existed.

He writes to Elze on a post card in reply to some critical conjectures on Elizabethan dramatists, "that if he, Elze, were an Englishman and would dare to perpetrate such nonsense he would hang him on the next lamp post." Considering all these choice testimonies to his literary urbanity, we Baconians need not be much disturbed by the recollection that he wrote to the venerable Dr. Thomson, of Melbourne, a letter advising him as a sufferer from mental derangement, to put himself under care till he had recovered his sanity, *i.e.*, abandoned his Baconian belief. And he gave precisely the same advice to me. It is vain for his biographer to palliate these outrages on good taste and courtesy by calling them the "natural and uncalculated outpouring of his own warm heart."

A wasp may sting or a wolf devour without moral offence, but if a responsible human being behaves like a wasp or a wolf he cannot share their immunity from blame. And a highly educated man, accustomed to associate with those who have learnt to keep their angry passions in restraint, is guilty of something approaching to crime when he indulges in intemperate vituperation. "He was never rancorous," says his biographer, and one would like to know how rancour could be more unequivocally shown than by such controversial action as Furnivall perpetually perpetrated.

I knew him well more than fifty years ago, when we were both members of Professor Maurice's Bible Class and working class debates. Ludlow, Vanstart Neale, Thomas Hughes, Westlake, and others were our associates; and I always regarded Furnivall as handsome in personal appearance, but quite on a lower intellectual level with his fellows. In this I was perhaps wrong. His true eminence did not show itself till he became a Shakespearean critic; and in this he was unquestionably very learned and accomplished. But his power was shown in his mastery of facts, not very much in his philosophic discernment of their import. His biographer admits this. "He had no great creative power in literature; his faculty was highly critical and comparative, but he did not possess fine visualization and (Baconians observe) in none of his work is this so clearly evinced as in his Shakespearean"; and then the biographer quotes a passage descriptive of Shakspeare as a boy, and his comment on it is, "The learned critic may be aghast at this positiveness." Nearly all his facts we have are assumptions which we would think a lawyer would see require some stronger support than simple assertion. His introduction to the Leopold Shakespeare is perhaps the best accumulation of traditions and speculations about Shakspeare ever made, but here and there Furnivall's fantastic notions about evidence peep out, as when he advises students of

Shakespeare to go to Stratford-on-Avon and watch the cows "whisking their tails" in those consecrated pastures!

Furnivall was extraordinarily active in organising clubs and societies for the study of literature in many branches. He founded a Chaucer Society, a Shelley Society, a Browning Society, a Ballad Society, a Shakspeare Society, a Wycliff Society, an Early English Text Society, a Sunday Shakspeare Society, and in all the gatherings of these Societies he read papers, contributed documents and books, and contributed by his speeches and personal influence to verify their action and publish its results. He was a democrat, a strong advocate of female suffrage; he would have liked to abolish the House of Lords. His favourite amusement was sculling on the Thames, and gathering crowds of children and shop-girls to share his amusement, and ministering to their enjoyment by biscuits, cakes, coffee and sweetmeats. Here all the best department of his nature had free play, and in the geniality and generosity of his river exploits one could admire his sculling and forget his vituperation.

Considering his intolerance of opposition one may be permitted to wonder how it was that he did not seem to realise how very vulnerable some of his own beliefs were. The influence of Maurice did not last long; he abandoned all logical and Christian belief, became an agnostic, showing that he had sufficient philosophy for doubt and scepticism, but not enough for faith and the apprehension of solemn and eternal realities. His faith in immortality expired, and death was for him and for his dog was the same event.

R. M. T.

REVIEW.

Light on the Early Hamlet: Historical Associations and Prototypes. By Mrs. Hinton Stewart. Published by the Ladies' Guild of Francis St. Alban, 3, Alexandra Road, London, N.W. Fifty-one pages 8vo. Paper covers. Sixpence.

WHATEVER Mrs. Hinton Stewart writes is well worth reading. She always imparts information, and offers original points of view on the subject under consideration. This is certainly the case in this pamphlet. The first part is devoted to the history of the play and the references to it by contemporary writers. Then follows an account of the source of the play, together with an attempt to identify the originals from which the characters are drawn. Authorship is also discussed.

It is truly stated, by way of introduction, that "the numerous interpretations of the hero's character alone are as varied as the dispositions of those who criticise it; but apart from the internal problem, the history or bibliography of the play itself is still an unsolved riddle." It is to this latter subject that the author devotes her investigations. The first printed octavo edition of

1603 is accepted as representing the actual play of *Hamlet* that was written and performed before 1589. In speaking of the stage as it was in the Elizabethan period, the remarks are quoted of Dr. Stopford Brooke and of J. R. Greene in his "Short History," as to the constitution of the audiences. There is, however, an edition which throws some light on the representation of *Hamlet* which was given in the public theatre. The volume, which is dated 1685, is probably a reprint of an earlier edition of which no copy is known to exist. Prefixed to it is the statement that the portions placed in inverted commas are not spoken when the play is produced on the stage. Nearly every speech which bears evidence of the scholar's mind and pen is enclosed in this manner, and the result is that the acting edition becomes a bald, meritless play, which might be attributed to any of the numerous playwrights of the Elizabethan period. It is so improbable as to be unthinkable that the play of *Hamlet*, as it was printed in 1603, 1604 or 1625, could have been produced in a public theatre. The language would be unintelligible to all but a small portion of the audience. At the Universities, at the Court, and at the Inns of Court it might be acceptable, but no audience at a public theatre would have tolerated its performance. On this subject Mrs. Hinton Stewart is not safe in following Greene.

The identification of the individuals whom the characters are intended to represent is worked out with much ingenuity. Hamlet represents the ill-fated Earl of Essex; Claudius, the Earl of Leicester, who is supposed to have brought about the death of Walter, the first Earl of Essex, who is the original of the Ghost. It was known that there was a compromising intimacy between Leicester and the Countess of Warwick, *née* Lettice Knollys, before the death of her first husband. Shortly after this, Leicester married her. Polonius, Laertes and Ophelia represent Lord Burghley, Robert Cecil and Elizabeth Cecil; Osric is the young Earl of Oxford; Fortinbras of Norway is James VI. of Scotland; Voltimand and Cornelius are Walsingham and Wootton; Yorrick is John Heywood; and Horatio, the friend of Hamlet, is Francis Bacon, the friend of Essex.

The reader is referred to the work itself as to how laboriously the author has searched out similitudes upon which she founds her theory. In many respects they appear to lend strong confirmation to it.

As to the authorship of *Hamlet*, Mrs. Hinton Stewart says: "The general impression left upon the mind is that, in Elizabeth's reign, the name on the title-page of a book, or at the foot of a poem, gives little or no clue to the real authorship, and should therefore be no bar to enquiry, or to conclusions which may seem inconsistent with the appearance of such names; and it would thus appear that a large field of research is still open, the careful study of which may throw much light on this period." This view will receive strong support from all who have made a study of the literature of the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods.

Whilst affirming that the exact relation of William Shakspeare to

the great dramas is too large a subject to be entered into in her pamphlet, the author says, "It is enough for our purpose to suggest his possible connection with the early *Hamlet* and to accentuate the fact that for the author of the play it is necessary to look elsewhere." Contemporary references to the play are said to give only one hint as to authorship, and that is in the preface written by Nash to Greene's "*Menaphon*." The phrase, "leaving the trade of noverint whereto they were born," is peculiarly applicable to Bacon, according to the author's view; and after drawing attention to many circumstances connected with her theory of identification of the originals of the characters, she says:—

"Looked at from these points of view, the answer almost invariably suggests itself that the prototype of Horatio, Francis Bacon, might naturally fill also the *role* of author. Nothing could better explain in Horatio the peculiar reticence on the surface, combined with the suggestion of powerful qualities under the surface, than the supposition that, in this character, the author places himself upon the stage; and no one could be more completely in the position to dramatise the persons and events we have been discussing than Francis Bacon, the nephew of Burghley, the friend of Essex, the courtier, the philosopher and the statesman, for, even at the age of twenty-four, all these epithets were already applicable to him."

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "*BACONIANA*."

SIR,—Mr. C. H. Ashdown, in his article on "*Holo-fernes; Holo-comes*," expresses the opinion that Hylocomius came to St. Alban's Grammar School many years before 1588, which, according to the board in the school containing a so-called list of Post-Reformation masters, is the year in which he entered into his mastership. In confirmation of this I may point out that there is a letter belonging to the Corporation of St. Albans mentioned in the Historical Manuscripts Commission's 5th Report. The letter is dated 21st November, 1583, and is from John Thomas Hylocomius, native of Bois le Duc, Holland, master of the Grammar School at St. Albans. His pupils are described on his monument as of generous birth (*generosa cohors*). It is possible that he was appointed by Sir Nicholas Bacon to be the first master of the Grammar School, and, as Mr. Ashdown suggests, that he was an early instructor of Francis Bacon.

HAROLD HARDY.